The Cheerful Letter

Every place a church; every day the Lord's day; all events blessings; all joy thanksgiving; and all nature and life full of God.—James Freeman Clarke.

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THE CHRISTIAN'S RICHES IN CHRIST

The richest people on earth are those who are born in Christian lands, and the richest of these are those who are born in Christian homes.

"Riches" is a relative term. What would be considered "riches" by one class of people would be regarded as negligible trifles by another. A missionary from the Sudan recently presented the needs of the mission he represents before various Sunday schools and young people's gatherings. He stated that the gifts which would be most appreciated by the Sudanese were safety pins and used blades of safety razors. The safety pin is of small value in a civilized community, although its uses may be many. In Central Africa it is of tremendous value. It is used there, not for the purpose of pinning articles of attire together, since the Sudanese wear little or no clothing, but to extract thorns from the feet. The possession of a number of safety pins in Sudan makes a man rich.

So too with safety razor blades, which have seen their better days. In Sudan, however blunt and useless they may seem to civilized man, they are of very great value and are eagerly sought by the Sudanese and used to shave their heads and beards. The possessor of such a blade is looked upon as a very fortunate person.

Here, then, are two articles in the daily life of civilized society. One of them is of very little value and the other is generally admitted to have a negligible value. And yet in Central Africa the possession of these articles makes a person envied by his less fortunate neighbors.

It needs but very little consideration to see that the poorest person who happens to be born in a civilized state is immeasurably richer than the richest person living in a state of savagery.

But of all the civilized peoples the riches are those who enjoy a Christian civilization.

These riches, however, do not consist merely in material goods, which contribute so much to the comfort of man, although these things belong more to a Christian civilization than to any other. The riches are largely spiritual. The difference between a Christian and a non-Christian civilization may be illustrated by a story told by a man who happened to visit a hospital for sick children. There he met a little crippled lad. While the visitor sat by his bed the boy played with the man's pen and watch chain and watch. Then in an innocent fashion he put his hand into the man's pocket and pulled out his pocketbook. This he examined and opened, and shook from it the few coins which it contained. After he had satisfied himself about its contents the boy looked up into the man's face and said: "Why, you are rich." The man pointed out to him that he really was not rich, and that the fact that he had those few coins did not make him a rich man. The crippled lad listened gravely and then said: "But you are rich. You can walk."

The cripple was in his own childish way a philosopher. Compared with the state into which he had been born the man who sat by his bedside was tremendously wealthy physically.

The difference between a civilization that is Christian and that which is non-Christian is much the same as that which exists between those who are able to walk and those who cannot walk.

At the very center of the Christian

civilization is One who says: "He that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life." Christian civilization has developed because it has behind it the light which comes to men through the moral principles enunciated by Jesus; also what has proved to be an even stronger dynamic, the inspiration which men have had through knowing that He always is with those who work for good as a spiritual guide and strengthener.

The sense of this spiritual presence has contributed more than anything else to the enrichment of Christian civilization.

How great is that enrichment, and how wide a gap exists between a Christian and a non-Christian civilization may, in some measure, be gauged by comparing the Christian civilization with that of China.

Yet great moral principles have been behind the Chinese civilization, principles enunciated by Confucius.

What the Chinese civilization has lacked has been the inspiration which comes to men through knowing that a God of mercy and compassion is behind those who try to do good and to be good.

A religious weekly recently published a reference to the building of a new community church at Shanghai. During the time when the church was in course of construction the structure was surrounded with a bamboo fence some eight or nine feet high, and branches of evergreen were tied to the poles which were employed for the erection of the scaffolding. A stranger naturally would ask why these things were done, and the reply which the Chinese would give would be to ensure a good "fung-shui."

The Chinese, in spite of the high moral principles enunciated by Confucius, believe that they are surrounded by evil and malignant spirits. For this reason the streets in Chinese cities are narrow and winding. They have been made in this fashion to make it difficult for the evil spirits to find their way around. A good fung-shui is the making of conditions unpropitious for the operations of evil spirits. In the creation of their community church the Chinese builders erected a bamboo fence to keep out any wandering spirits, and tied evergreen branches to the scaffolding poles to delude the evil spirits into believing that trees were growing in that place and thus to deceive them as to what was actually taking place. The builders believed that were these things not done accidents would most certainly happen to the laborers. When a good fung-shui had been ensured the Chinese coolies worked with a will, singing their monotonous songs as they worked.

Contrast these childish notions and fears of the Chinese with the inspiration which comes to those who have builded with the consciousness that God was with them and in whose ears there has never ceased to sound the voice of Him who said, "Lo, I am with you always, even to the end of the world." It is because of this consciousness that Christianity has been able to contribute the best features to that civilization known as the Christian.

Under these circumstances those who are fortunate enough to be born in a Christian civilization are rich—tremendously rich, and such of them as are born in Christian homes are the richest because they are closest to the source of the Christian inspiration.

However, it must not be forgotten that great privileges entail great responsibilities.

Jesus referred to this on several occasions. Once He said: "To whom much is given, much will be required," and on another occasion He said: "Take heed what ye hear: with what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you: and unto you that hath shall more be given."

Jesus insisted that His hearers were under two great obligations. The first was that He should be accepted as their teacher and guide. Consequently St. John records the statement: "Then Jesus said unto them: Yet a little while is the light with you. Walk while ye have the light, lest darkness come upon you: for he that walketh in the darkness knoweth not whither he goeth. While ye have the light, believe in the light, that ye may be the children of light." Jesus in this, and in similar statements, insisted that His followers should walk in the light which He gives.

The second obligation which He imposed on them was that of diffusing the light of the gospel they had received from Him.

In this connection He described them in the same terms as He described Himself. He had said: "I am the light of the world."

But He also said of them: "Ye are the light of the world," and so He places on them the responsibility of diffusing the light in the great injunction: "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."

At Burke's Pass, on the very lip of the Mackenzie Basin, stands a simple monument which has been erected in memory of the first settler who entered that country to possess it. The inscription on the monument records the name of this man and the fact that he was a graduate of Dublin University. And then follow the words he uttered to those who followed him, in later years, to settle in that land: "O ye who enter the portals of the Mackenzie to found homes, take the word of a child of the misty gorges and plant forest trees for your lives; so shall your mountain facings and river flats be preserved to your children's children and for evermore."

And the hope of a fairer future is always to be found in the way the existing generation assumes its responsibilities towards the unborn. This man Burke enjoined those who came after him to plant forests to protect their mountain facings and river flats, and thus protect themselves and their children from the ravages of torrential rains.

But it is the Christian's high privilege *to plant in the hearts of men such thoughts of God that* when the storms come they and their children's children will be safe.

—From a Sermon in the Boston Transcript.

PSALM 29

By Charles Nevers Holmes

Let all ye mighty hosts acclaim,
Let Heaven praise and bless,
The strength, the glory of God's name,
And kneel in holiness.

God reigns upon the raging sea,
The thunder is his voice,
His voice resounds with majesty;
Rejoice, ye hosts, rejoice!

His thunder breaks the cedar trees,
Yea, trees of Libanus,
Which bow before his stormy breeze,
His voice so glorious.

God's thunder cleaves the lightning's flame
And shakes the desert sand;
Men praise the honor of his Name
Within his temple grand.

Above the flood God reigns on high,
A King that shall not cease;
He strengthens us afar and nigh,
And gives his people peace.

"So you enjoyed your trip abroad, eh? Tell me, what was the wickedest thing you saw in Paris?" "An American tourist."

PRETTY CACTUS "GARDENS" CAUGHT POPULAR FANCY

From the heart of the desert country of Arizona comes a story of a woman's success in a singular industry, one indigenous with those thirsting deserts. Confronted with the necessity of earning a living for herself and three children, Mrs. May Pitts of Florence, Ariz., turned to the making of miniature cactus gardens as a possible source of income. Her resource and ingenuity met with financial reward.

Her story told in her own words has the ring of sincerity and the stamp of experience. It is in part:

"I was left a widow with three small children, and almost penniless. I tried everything from jelly making to mending clothes and could make only enough money to exist.

"One day I was walking down the street and looked into a florist's window. The florist had a dozen or more small cactus gardens in the window, the kind that have been a fad lately. I bought a few dozen cactus plants of all varieties. They were very beautiful. I added those I could find from the country about.

"Then I bought a quantity of gaudy dishes and bowls, mostly Chinese in spirit. I advertised my little gardens when they were complete and in less than a month I had sold 20 of them and had orders for more. All the gardens were small and sold from $3 to $5 each with the dishes, and without the dishes I sold them at $1 each.

"Before I advertised the second time I made some more elaborate ones. This time I bought small Japanese pagodas and bridges and little Japanese figures in gay clothes and placed them under the little green plants. I had one little Jap lady with a red parasol flirting with an officer on a bridge. Many of my customers fell in love with the garden with the little Japanese lady and wanted one like it. I used moss for the grass, and have made some really picturesque gardens.

"I am now making a good living out of the cactus business. I am thinking of making more elaborate rock gardens and cactus borders for some of the big estates that fringe the suburbs. It is pleasant work and I enjoy it. And, best of all, it has banished want from my door."

—Clipped.

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. J. A. McCaddin, 21 Ashfield St., Roslindale, Mass.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card asking "**Shall** I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. McCaddin, saying that you **have** sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send those to the Book Club to be printed here.

SPECIAL NOTICES

It will greatly aid those who are sending books, magazines, cards, and so forth, if all our correspondents who send requests for their children will take pains to mention their names and ages. Lacking such information, one is likely to make mistakes; for a boy of twelve and a girl of seven are not usually interested in the same things.

When writing to the Exchange for the first time, correspondents should always give, as reference, the name and address of their clergyman.

When correspondents move to a new address, notice should be sent either to our headquarters, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., or to those persons who have been sending books and magazines.

It is necessary to state positively that the Cheerful Letter Exchange is not a "clothing bureau" and not a "charitable" society in the usual sense of the word. We do not undertake to send correpondents money, clothing or household goods. Letters asking for that sort of assistance cannot receive attention. Letters not signed cannot be printed.

Many people do care for just the kind of friendly service for which we are organized. We limit our efforts to them and their wishes.

Those who enjoy receiving books and magazines are asked to remember that they, in their turn, can give much pleasure if they will take pains to write to the persons who send such reading matter. In cases where no word of response goes back—not even to say that the books or magazines were received—senders may suppose the parcels were not welcome. Let us each do our share.

APPEALS

1. Mrs. Violet I. Cairns, 204 Washington St., Portage, Wis., is shut in during the winter months and finds much pleasure in making paper flowers. She would like No. 3 Dennison's Paper Flower Instruction Booklet and any material in this line. Perhaps some *Cheerful Letter* member will correspond with her and get the full details.

2. It has been a long time since I have heard from any of my *Cheerful Letter* friends. My husband's mother passed away in January and we miss her a lot. Would someone please send some cards and reading for my children, ages 7, 9, 11, 16 and 19; and some quilt pieces for myself? Mrs. Ida Harmon, R.F.D. No. 1, Decatur, Tenn.

3. I wish to thank everyone who remembered me in 1930 as I did not get to write them all. My three-year-old boy would enjoy some picture books and I like to read and sew. Mrs. K. E. Williams, Big Sandy, W. Va.

4. Mrs. J. M. Furches, Green Cove, Va., wants to hear from her *Cheerful Letter* friends and wishes to thank them for every kind thought in the past. She would be so thankful for some quilt scraps and thread if it can be spared.

5. I wish to thank all who helped us to a better winter and Christmas. We are so happy to be remembered here on our Wyoming homestead. I enjoy sewing very much and any books that were sent would be passed on to others when they are finished. I have a boy 8 and girls 6 and 4. Mrs. Blanche Thompson, Oshoto, Wyo.

6. Mrs. J. M. Adamson, Route 3, Bowdon, Ga., has been quite ill since last August. Her husband has helped her with the work and looked out for the four children, ages 9, 8, 6 and 3. They live in a very lonesome place and her only pastime is reading. She mentions the following magazines: Cosmopolitan, True Stories, and True Romances, or any other stories when the members are through with them.

7. I haven't heard from anyone for some time and some silk or cotton scraps would be appreciated and my mother, Mrs. T. B. Stinnette, who has been ill for nearly ten years, would like some reading material. Mrs. Earl Coffey, Sandidges, Va.

8. Mrs. A. C. Hottinger, Hebron, Ohio, is a helpless cripple and confined to her bed. She would like a bible and some silk pieces. If anyone has any old white cloths they would aid very much in her sickness.

9. I am a mother of two children, the boy 14 and the girl 5. My little girl has infantile paralysis and my husband is ill with a broken leg. I like to crochet and I hope someone sends something to amuse the little girl. Mrs. Amanda Church, Comet, N. C.

10. Mrs. C. C. McDonald, Box 143, Florence, Ariz., has left Chillicothe, Texas, and takes this opportunity to thank all who have favored her in the past. This winter seems very long and she is hopeful that something will be sent to interest her family. She has three boys, 17, 12, 7, and three girls, 11, twins, 5, and a crippled husband.

11. I have been down with pneumonia and unable to be on my feet for long at a time. I would appreciate some quilt pieces, thread and books and magazines for my shut-in boy who is 16. Mrs. J. W. Parsons, Grassy Creek, N. C.

12. Mrs. Francis Vess, Route 1, Decatur, Texas, wishes to be remembered with some quilt scraps. Her husband has been called to preach the Gospel and is alone with her two children, a boy 5 and a girl 3. The children would like something to amuse them.

13. Dear *Cheerful Letter* friends, I want to thank you all for past kindnesses and as my health is bad and I have to stay at home out here in the country I would be glad to get anything to make quilts or rugs. Old sugar or feed bags would be helpful, too. I would also be glad of a good book. Mrs. F. A. Austin, Route 2, Box 190, Marshville, N. C.

14. Mrs. J. G. Howell, Jefferson, N. C., would like a little cheer in the way of reading or sewing material.

15. I have been ill all winter and the remembrances that the *Cheerful Letter* friends have sent were very acceptable. My crippled son, aged 16, would love to correspond with someone and my mother would like some patchwork. She is 65 years old and cannot do a great deal. My other sons' ages are 18, 12, 9 and 7 and my daughter's age is 14, and they would all love some light reading. Mrs. E. D. Tyson, Ansonville, N. C.

16. Mrs. Rebecca V. Akin, Leo, Texas, is the mother of nine children, all at home. The youngest is 1 year and the oldest 19. She is very thankful for the cheer that has been sent and is hopeful that some of the friends will send some quilt pieces and good reading material this spring.

17. It is a joy receiving the *Cheerful Letter magazine* every month and the sermon is always so good. My boy would like a copy of "Black Beauty" and any kind of cheer would please me. Thanking you all for past favors, I am, Mrs. Mary J. Bond, Route 1, Decatur, Texas.

18. I wish to thank the *Cheerful Letter* friends for the cheer they have sent this winter. It meant so much to us because our crops were a total failure and we have been in a dreadful condition ever since. I have three children, a girl 10 and two boys, ages 8 and 1. It has been most two years since I wrote the Exchange and if you only knew how much cheer it gives me to hear from you in any way. We live forty-five miles from the railroad back in the mountains and our mail is the only thing we have to look forward to. It is now two years since I have been to town. Dear friends, please remember me with reading material and quilt pieces. They are my only entertainment and at times I do get so lonely. Mrs. Mary Hill, Dabney, Ark.

19. Mrs. C. C. McDonald, Box 143, Florence, Ariz., is an old friend at a new address. The family now has a location at the above town. Her husband cannot do much work and she has to take care of her two boys and three girls, who are of school age. She would like some cheer in the way of reading, patchwork, needles, snaps and buttons; and the children are interested in school supplies.

20. I have been able to keep my children in school this winter, although my husband hasn't been able to do very much. My sixteen-year-old girl has fits, which last a week sometime, and will someone please send her some cards or pictures to pass the time. We have had a doctor for her but as yet cannot find anything to help her. I have five boys and another girl, age 4½. My health is not very good and any kind of cheer will be welcome, especially quilt scraps and thread. Mrs. John Powers, Helton, N. C.

21. Mrs. B. Stone, Bassett, Va., has not heard from the *Cheerful Letter* friends for some time. She lives seven miles from town and gets very lonesome and would appreciate some quilt pieces, embroidery thread or some good novels.

22. I am fifty years old, a member of

the M. E. Church, and the mother of five children. My two oldest boys are in Pennsylvania and my twin girls, age 17, and my boy, 8, are at home. My kidneys give me a lot of trouble and I am not able to get the right eats that the doctor recommends. I have been a widow four years and have tried to keep my children in school by keeping boarders. I wonder if you could send me some pieces, any kind, and some story books for my boy and reading for my girls. It is the most serious time I have ever seen, the weather is cold and snow has been on the ground for two weeks. Hope to hear from you soon. Mrs. Lessie L. Parker, Ansonville, N. C.

23. I would like so much to have "Needlecraft" for I am not able to subscribe to it. And would it be asking too much for some wide white or colored "rick-rack" braid? Certainly the *Cheerful Letter* Exchange does a wonderful work and I take this way of thanking a kind friend who sends me the *Cheerful Letter* magazine each month. I always read everything in it and find it instructive and also very interesting. Mrs. Emily L. Hicks, Route 3, Amherst, Va.

24. Mrs. Elsie Jamison, Dodson, Va., hopes this letter will find space in the *Cheerful Letter* magazine because she wants to thank all who have sent cheer in the past and hopes to hear again this spring. Her little boy would be glad to be remembered on his birthday, April 13; he will be 13 years old.

25. I am a poor, crippled woman and have two children, a girl 13 and a boy 7. I am very lonely and would appreciate anything in the way of cheer. It has been a long time since I have heard from any of the dear *Cheerful Letter* friends. I could use some quilt pieces and bits of thread. Mrs. Ennis Parsons, Lansing, N. C.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

Mrs. C. C. McDonald, formerly of Chillicothe, Texas; now P. O. Box 142, Florence, Ariz.

Mrs. Dora Johnson, from Ben Hur to Deer, Ark.

Mrs. Lillie Smith, from Morrillton & Jerusalem, to Rupert, Ark.

Mrs. Forrest Martin, is now Route No. 2, Waxahachie, Texas.

A TOWN CRIER IN FRANCE

The garde-champetre stood by the dull red cross such as is often to be seen in French villages where the ways meet. He was dressed in corduroys, with big pockets bulging. On his head was a battered braided cap. He was in official attire as befitted the function he was performing.

Around his neck was slung the drum, supported by broad bands and tilted sideways. Once upon a time it must have been quite a good drum; its bits of inlaid brass still gleamed. The skin was patched on four places; but still, as the garde-champetre played his tattoo, the quick notes repercuted.

The window behind the cross opened. From three or four houses in the vicinage men and women came to hear the message. As if by witchcraft children sprang from the soil—for if you would have children appear, though there are no children in sight, you will never beat a drum in vain. The rat-tat-too ended; it had brought its assembly. The garde-champetre produced a Gargantuan handkerchief and blew a Gargantuan blast on his nose. He cleared his throat; he hawked; he spat. He took from his capacious pocket a tiny piece of dirty and crumpled paper. We listened.

He began to read in a loud, firm voice, his one tooth wagging as he read, "Monsieur Duval makes known to the inhabitants of Sainte-Ursule that he has the firm intention of killing, on Wednesday next, a pig; and that from this moment he holds himself at the disposition of his prospective clients, who should, without delay, place their orders with him for any part of the aforesaid pig."

And so saying he solemnly refolded the announcement, took his drumsticks from under his arm, beat his drum once more, and marched off, heavily but rhythmically. In the various quarters of the village he would halt, play a tattoo, blow his nose, hawk, spit, and read his paper in his best official manner.

Such is the ceremony of pig-killing in my village. The rite is not to be performed without due warning; the bans, as it were, must be put up as for a marriage. The pig has been reared for this culminating and final moment of his existence. He has been tended for the sacrifice. To determine the month, the week, the day, and the precise hour of his death there have been family councils. And now three days ahead of

the fatal moment the whole village must learn of his expected demise.

At one large farm on the hillside the day following the pig-killing is a feast to which many friends of the family are invited. To attend this feast—in celebration of l'ame du cochon—is a memorable event. If you have never been there before, you will be amazed at the varied character of pig food. Nothing but pork is eaten, and yet there are a dozen dishes which follow each other. There is the soupe au sale et aux choux; there are the tasty rillons and rillettes; there is the roast pork; there is the paleron —i. e., the shoulder; there are the puddings and sausages; there are the grilled trotters; there are the hams; there is the pate; and I know not what beside. When you have tasted all these things, washed down with draughts of cider and settled with Calvados, and are given a piece of pork to take home, you will be convinced that of all edible animals the pig is the most diversified.

But the garde-champetre has other duties. He cannot be forever advising us of the date on which pigs will pass from trough to table. He also informs us, with a wealth of drum music, of all the local happenings. To men as well as to pigs, there arrive days of supreme importance, of which it is seemly to acquaint their fellows. Of them I will not speak here. But there are lesser matters with which the garde-champetre is concerned. A dog or a horse has strayed, or has been found. There is a plague of vermin against which the mairie holds remedies. The rivulet will be diverted while its bed is being repaired or cleaned. The Society of Sharpshooters will hold its session on the village green. The united bands of the surrounding villages will play in the schoolyard. There will be a sale by auction of land or buildings. There will be a collection for the sufferers from the floods in the Midi. There will be a battue of wild boars whose traces have been seen in the forest. Rabies have broken out, and dogs must be muzzled. A gas company will bring gas to the village if the village will subscribe 100,000 francs. The school will be closed because the schoolmistress is ill or because some child has measles. The winning numbers of the village tombola have been drawn. And so on. There is no end to the events in the village, and it is the business of the garde-champetre and his drum to notify us of them all.

Then he must distribute official papers, which are plentiful even in the smallest village of France. Taxes are due, or declarations must be made; and the garde-champetre, his pockets more bulging than ever, must go on his rounds. He brings me receipts for my subscriptions to the village associations, and beautifully written invitations to their gatherings; he brings me cards of honorary membership. He warns the evil-doers who have offended against the laws, local, national and divine. Somebody has stolen a turnip or broken a fence or laid snares for games or noisily quarrelled with his wife; and the garde-champetre is dispatched in the tenue and terror of authority, with a message from the Mayor.

Or you shall see him, armed with monstrous cudgel, on the great public occasions of the village. He is there to keep order, to stop boys from shouting or men who have perhaps drunk a little too much from behaving with excessive sans-gene. In point of fact his duties in this respect are very light. His presence suffices. He is well liked by the villagers, and they would not put him to trouble. If ever he had real trouble I think he would be adequate to his task, for though he is at least seventy years of age and is asthmatical, he is still lusty.

Before he was garde-champetre he was gamekeeper in a neighboring chateau, and I believe he receives a small pension. He has his house, criss-crossed with wood, with small bottle-glass windows; and he has a little orchard which doubtless brings him a small income. He is red-faced, with heavy sagging cheeks and puffy eyes, but he looks hale and good for another ten years of service as the garde-champetre of the community. For everybody he has a pleasant word; and when I meet him he is full of weather lore and gossip about the villagers. The village is long; and if he covers it in both directions he must walk more than ten kilometres every day. His is a cheerful life, known to everybody and knowing everybody, working in his orchard, attending the ceremonies, and announcing with a clatter of his drumsticks the events of the village, from the prospective weddings to the prospective killing of pigs.

And for these multifarious duties he is paid (though there are additional perquisites as there are perquisites and pourboires for everybody in France) the munificent sum of three francs a day.

—*Sisley Huddlestone in Manchester Guardian.*

GOOD HEALTH NOTES

Rheumatism Not Hopeless

Rheumatism is an old term which is applied, often erroneously, to a large number of conditions. Two of these conditions, however, are of great importance. The first is rheumatic fever, sometimes called acute inflammatory rheumatism, which generally affects young people, is accompanied by fever and great pains in the joints and often induces, unless well treated, more or less permanent damage to the heart. The second condition is that which is known as arthritis, is more or less chronic and is often called arthritis deformans or rheumatoil arthritis. Both rheumatic fever and chronic arthritis are in some part preventable and are diseases, the latter especially, for which a great deal can be done under the best conditions of modern practice.

The exciting causes of rheumatic fever are not fully known, but the disease is generally thought to result from an infection, that is some kind of a micro organism, although it is not contagious. The site of this infection is often to be found in the tonsils or teeth and, since the removal of bad tonsils has become more general among children, the number of cases encountered is considerably less than formerly. At the first sign of illness the patient should be put at complete rest under the care of a physician. There is no single remedy which will check the disease, but much can be done to relieve the pain, lessen the danger of involvement of the heart and, not infrequently, to shorten the course of illness. One of the most important considerations for the layman to appreciate is that ample time should be allowed for convalescence even after all symptoms have apparently disappeared, in order to avoid the danger of cardiac damage.

Chronic arthritis is the oldest disease known to man and is probably the cause of more disability and economic loss than any other condition, except "colds," which affect mankind. Because of the difficulties of successful treatment, scant attention has been given to it, but fortunately at present a large movement is going forward with the aim of arousing the laity and the profession alike, to the importance of instituting early and vigorous measures of prevention and treatment. Despite difficulties in therapy and the considerable time often required for treatment, a great deal can be done for this condition, much more than formerly, and there is no longer justification for the hopeless outlook which many patients and even many medical men have entertained. The disease is not hereditary, but the tendency toward it might be. Knowing this, it is often possible to pick out those persons most likely to develop it and to prevent the disease by precautionary steps.

Many persons suffering from arthritis make the mistake of postponing treatment because they are not wholly incapacitated, although perhaps gradually becoming so. The disease should be treated early, however, not only because it is easier to prevent deformities than to correct them, but also because, as in nearly all other conditions chronicity only adds to the difficulties already present.

—Ralph Pemberton, M.D., Philadelphia, Pa. (Gorgas Memorial Institute)

CARLSBAD CAVE

Frank Ernest Nicholson, a young Texas-born journalist-explorer, is exploring Carlsbad Cave, the largest known cavern in the earth, and incidentally is disturbing the millions of bats that live therein. Mr. Nicholson has with him a typewriter, radio transmitter, telephone with a lengthy wire, block and tackle, torches, cameras, food, a physician, a mineralogist, an electrician, a representative of the Department of the Interior, and four helpers. The mouth of the cave is at the foot of a cliff in the Guadalupe Mountains one hundred miles from El Paso, Texas, and thirty miles south of Carlsbad, New Mexico.

Twenty-nine years ago a cowboy, Jim White, saw what he took to be smoke pouring out of the mouth of the cave. The "smoke" was the effect made by countless bats flying out to hunt their evening insect meal. Seven years ago, the Government made the cave site a national monument, setting aside 720 acres. The underground halls stretch beyond those limits; how far, young Mr. Nicholson is bent on learning.

—Selected.

The flower that follows the sun does so even on cloudy days.—*Leighton.*

Lord, for tomorrow and its needs,
I do not pray;
But keep me, guide me, love me, Lord,
Just for today.

WHAT WE PLANT

When We Plant a Tree

What do we plant when we plant the tree?
We plant the ship which will cross the sea,
We plant the mast to carry the sails;
We plant the planks to withstand the gales—
The keel, keelson, and beam and knee—
We plant the ship when we plant the tree.

What do we plant when we plant the tree?
We plant the house for you and me;
We plant the rafters, the shingles, the floors,
We plant the studding, the lath, the doors,
The beams, the siding, all parts that be;
We plant the home when we plant the tree.

What do we plant when we plant the tree?
A thousand things that we daily see;
We plant the spire that out-towers the crag,
We plant the staff for our country's flag,
We plant the shade from the hot sun free;
We plant all these when we plant the tree.

"OMNIBUS-DIRIGIBLE" TRAIN

Speed—more speed! Whether on land, sea or in the air, the cry is for "more speed." Germany, the home of the dirigible, combines that monster of the air with the omnibus—our real monster of the highway. Result: The swiftest of railway vehicles—the "omnibus-dirigible." This new whale-like, cigar-shaped railway flyer, driven by a giant airplane motor and propeller, recently traveled more than 100 miles an hour in test runs over tracks near Hanover. The 85-foot long, silver-gray coach looks all the world like a dirigible on wheels. It has both auto and railway brakes, weighs 20 tons, has a smoking room, a nonsmoking room, a baggage section and parlor car seats for 40 passengers.

WITH OUR HOME-KEEPERS

Serving First Spring Vegetables

It is well to remember, that every one requires certain changes in diet as the spring approaches—both from the standpoint of appetite and of health. The palate turns with distaste from the heavy meals of the cold weather, and demands something more delicate, more piquant, more appealing. This is nature's way of demonstrating to us that iron, or phosphorus, or lime, or some other quality not present in our winter foods is necessary, if we are to keep alert and strong and well.

The first spring vegetables supply all these and more—asparagus, cress, lettuce, radishes, early cabbage, beet tops, spinach, green onions, are all splendid sources of minerals. As for the vegetables, here are several new and especially appetizing ways for preparing them.

Asparagus in Brown Sauce

Shred 4 slices of breakfast bacon, and fry until crisp. Wash and cook one bunch of asparagus in salt water until tender. Drain a cupful of the liquid from the asparagus onto the bacon. Add ½ small onion diced very fine, 2 tablespoonfuls of vinegar, ½ teaspoonful of salt and ½ teaspoonful of paprika. Mix well and add the asparagus carefully. Cover skillet long enough to heat the asparagus thoroughly. Serve hot.

Spring Lunch Sandwich

Three slices of whole wheat bread are required for each sandwich. Butter one slice and on it spread a layer of cream cheese and cover generously with grated carrot. Place a second slice of bread and spread with chopped water cress which has been mixed generously with mayonnaise. Butter the third slice and place it buttered side down. Serve on a plate garnished with red radishes.

Spring Vegetable Shortcake

Make large round baking powder biscuits and bake lightly, then split, butter well and spread the lower halves with creamed asparagus tips, creamed peas, or carrots and peas creamed together, or any other delicate green vegetable dressed in cream sauce. Put the tops on the biscuits, crust down, butter and spread with the creamed vegetable. Sprinkle with paprika and serve hot.

Handy Hints

Blend the sandwich filling with the creamed butter to save time in making sandwiches.

Knitted garments should be washed carefully to prevent stretching and laid flat and smooth to dry.

The school child's lunch box aids both health and grades if it contains nourishing, easily-digested foods. If a hot dish is served at school, egg sandwiches, celery, an apple, stuffed dates, and oatmeal cookies round out the lunch.

THE GAME OF MAP TRAVEL

Have you ever tried map-travel? If not, let me recommend it to you as second only in enjoyment to actual travel itself—especially if you map-travel a route that takes you through the wild, Hinterland, "Back o' Beyond," "Never, Never" countries, sparsely populated with white people, more fully so with game.

You have a choice of two kinds of map-travel—one in which you trace out on the map the steps of some journey you have made, the other searching out some route you would like to adventure over.

And if you have never made trips that can yield you such joyous recollections, you still can have that even greater fascination of map-travel in trying to puzzle out from the scanty information the map gives you, whether the trip you contemplate is practicable, which would be the best of alternative bits of the route, whether you could cross this river or that mountain range.

You must select the spots where you could touch civilization to replenish ammunition and stores, decide how much you would have to pack to carry you through unpeopled stretches, and on this point of what you must carry, you must also decide what will be the best method of travelling that particular route — on horseback or muleback, with one or more pack-animals, or by boat or canoe, or lastly, on your own two feet with the irreducible minimum to be carried on your own shoulders in rucksack or "swag."

The map tells you a lot, but not enough unless you study it hard, make your deductions, reason out from what it does tell other facts it does not. For example, as you slowly pick your way across country, the map shows you a river running right across your path, but does not say whether it is swift or slow running, wide or narrow, shallow or deep.

It is in the solving of such problems that you will find the fascination of map-travel —is there a pass over the mountains, is there a track through this forest, is there water enough to get you over that desert, and if not which is the best way round? In many, or most, cases you will have to depend on your ability to learn much you need to know, but the map only tells in different roundabout and indirect ways.

The river at the point you want to cross is only the usual map-river of a wriggly black line. But if it is a very wriggly line it means that the ground is probably rough or rocky, driving the river to dodge and twist its way past the obstructions, so that the chances are that the waters will be swift and broken.

If the river line runs in wide sweeps and curves, the stream is more likely to be smooth and slow, and if you search upstream for some distance the tributaries you find may help further to indicate whether it is wide or deep. Map-marking of mountainous or level ground round the spot will also give a clue to the nature of the stream.

Often a bare name will give you the information you want. A name "crossing," or "ford," or "drift," not only means that there you can cross a river, as a "neck" or "pass" says you can get through a mountain range, but the names mean that the places being known and marked have been used by others, and are on tracks to and from somewhere.

Canada is one of the pleasantest of countries to map-travel, just because—even on a fifty-miles-to-the-inch map—the names in the backwoods are often those given by the first pioneers and "voyageurs," and they tell a plain tale of mountain and river roads. "Canoe River," "Boat Camp" and "Long Portage" all have their clear meaning that here was a used waterway, and "Big Birch Island," in a river, says as plain as print that the river is big and wide, since there is an island in it large enough to be named.

Or map-travel from the top to the bottom of Africa, this time, for a change, by any rail or lake steamer routes you can connect up, doing the least possible part by road or track. You will probably be surprised to find how far you can zig-zag your way along.

And if you have a map which shows the tracks of the explorers, Burke and Wills and Speke and others, you will find that some of them walk straight through that blue that ought to be water but was, and is, a dry clay or salt-pan.

There is quite good map-travel fun to be had over Europe. I have worked out quite a few waterways trips — north to south across France from sea to sea by navigable canals and rivers, or from the Channel away across Europe into the Black Sea without changing the boat. A section of that route I map-traveled first, and later did in a motor-boat from Paris eastward, over the Vosges mountains to Strasbourg and up over the border into Switzerland.

—Boyd Cable in London Post.

A PAGE FOR THE CHILDREN

THE GIFT THAT MADE MAGIC

David smiled and lifted his cap as he passed old Nancy sitting in the doorway of her hut in the green lane. She was so old that David thought she must be a fairy godmother, and he often wished he dared to ask her if she would not give him a magic gift.

One day as he was passing her hut, she spoke to him.

"Come here, little boy, I have something for you," she said.

"Oh," thought David, "she is going to give me a magic gift at last." And he hurried up the tiny path to the door, where she sat in a big oak chair.

Old Nancy rose and hobbled into the house, and in a minute returned with a bag filled with kernels of yellow corn. She filled his pockets with them.

"See what you can do with those," she said.

"Please," asked David, lifting his face to hers, please is it a magic gift?"

Old Nancy smiled. "It is a magic gift for those who know how to use it," she said. "Suppose you try to find out."

David walked on. What did Old Nancy mean? When he reached Grandpa's house he met Uncle Joe and told him about it.

Uncle Joe's eyes twinkled. "That is good seed corn," he said. "Old Nancy was right. That is a magic gift if you use it correctly, and I will show you how."

Uncle Joe showed David how to make holes in the ground, and then he dropped five kernels into each hole. "Now," said he, "you must watch it carefully, and water the ground, and see what will happen. It takes a long time for magic gifts to come sometimes, but as you are to stay here at Grandpa's for a whole year, you will have plenty of time to see what happens."

One day when David ran to visit the place where he had planted his magic gift, he saw a number of tiny green sprouts. He ran to tell Uncle Joe, who smiled and said, "Yes, David, and now you must watch carefully, and keep the ground moist and free from weeds."

Soon the corn was as tall as David's knees, then up to his neck. Every time he passed old Nancy's hut he stopped to tell her about it. Then it began to tassel, and silk was hanging from the ears.

At last Uncle Joe said that the corn could be gathered. They picked a basketful of the plump, sweet ears.

David was so happy he could hardly wait to write Mother all about it. Uncle Joe said they would send her a dozen ears by parcel post.

Then David carried half a dozen ears down to old Nancy. "It was a real magic gift," he said, "only it was not gold or silver, and I had to work hard."

"Yes," said Old Nancy, "but it was a magic gift just the same. 'Seedtime and harvest.' Only people are so used to them they take them as a matter of course instead of a wonderful gift; and, better than silver or gold, they come year after year, bringing blessing with them."

—Emma Florence Bush.

TO A CHILD WHO INQUIRES

How did you come to me, my Sweet?
From the land that no man knows?
Did Mr. Stork bring you here on his wings?
Were you born in the heart of a rose?

Did an angel fly with you down from the sky?
Were you found in the gooseberry patch?
Did a fairy bring you from fairyland
To my door—that was left on the latch?

No! My darling was born of a wonderful love,
A love that was Daddy's and mine,
A love that was human, but deep and profound,
A love that was almost divine.

Do you remember, Sweetheart, when we went to the Zoo
And we saw that big bear with a grouch,
And the tigers and lions and that tall kangaroo
Who carried her babes in a pouch?

Do you remember, I told you she kept them there safe
From the cold and the wind, till they grew
Big enough to take care of themselves, and Dear Heart
That's just how I first cared for you.

I carried you under my heart, my Sweet,
And I sheltered you safe from alarms,
Till one wonderful day the dear God looked down,
And, my Darling, you lay in my arms.

—Olga Petrova.

A FRIEND IN NEED

"A friend in need," my neighbor said to me,
"A friend in need is what I mean to be.
In time of trouble I will come to you,
And in the hour of need you'll find me true."

I thought a bit, then took him by the hand;
"My friend," I said, "you do not understand
The inner meaning of that simple rhyme;
A friend is what the heart needs all the time."

—*Writer Unknown.*

STONE THAT BENDS

The National Academy of Sciences at Philadelphia is exhibiting something different in stones. It has a slab of (believe it or not) flexible stone to interest curious visitors. The exhibitors describe it as honest-to-goodness, genuine, etc., stone, but (strange as it seems) it can be easily bent without breaking. It will even bend of its own weight if one picks it up by the two ends. This queer stone was obtained in Brazil.

SIX RULES FOR PREVENTING FIRE IN THE FORESTS

1. Matches.—Be sure your match is out. Break it in two before you throw it away.

2. Tobacco.—Be sure that pipe ashes and cigar or cigarette stubs are dead before throwing them away. Never throw them into brush, leaves, or needles.

3. Making Camp.—Before building a fire scrape away all inflammable material from a spot five feet in diameter. Dig a hole in the center and in it build your camp fire. Keep your fire small. Never build it against trees or logs or near brush.

4. Breaking Camp.—Never break camp until your fire is out—dead out.

5. Brush Burning.—Never burn slash or brush in windy weather or while there is the slightest danger that the fire will get away.

6. How to Put Out a Camp Fire.—Stir the coals while soaking them with water. Turn small sticks and drench both sides. Wet the ground around the fire. If you can not get water, stir in dirt and tread it down until packed tight over and around the fire. Be sure the last spark is dead.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE

Mrs. H. A. Stevens, Chairman, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.
Miss Ethel L. Hersey, Secretary, Hingham, Mass.
Miss Edith L. Jones, Treasurer of Sunshine Funds, 65 Langdon Street, Cambridge, Mass.

ITS PURPOSE

To cheer and comfort those who are ill, lonely, or discouraged, through the exchange of letters and by gifts of books and magazines.

To help those who live far from schools, or who wish to continue their studies by means of correspondence with a teacher.

To give to those living far from church some of the helps which churches give. One good sermon or similar article is printed in each number. These sermons are never doctrinal, but present only such simple religious truths and principles as are agreed on by all churches.

WHERE TO WRITE

1. **Letters paying for subscriptions to the paper,** fifty cents a year, should be sent to the Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Checks or postal orders should be made payable to the Cheerful Letter Exchange.

2. **Letters asking for correspondents** should be sent to the Chairman, Mrs. J. A. McCaddin, 21 Ashfield St., Roslindale, Mass.

3. **Letters asking for help in studying at home** should be sent to Mrs. George O. Sands, Brimble Ave., North Beverly, Mass.

The Home Study Committee has on hand a variety of schoolbooks which may be used by students either at home or in the schoolroom. The aim of the teachers is to help in any study where help is needed. Often this may fit a person for a higher grade of work.

4. **Letters about the establishment of Circulating Libraries** should be sent to Mrs. Henry R. Bowser, 36 Lancaster St., Cambridge, Mass.

Circulating Libraries have been established in isolated communities of twenty-seven States, where public libraries and other educational privileges are not available; also in many schools and colleges in rural and mountain districts. A Circulating Library will be started in any small community that is in need of one, if proper location and care can be furnished and satisfactory reterences given.

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